

Princess

TO-DAY

WHERE \$2 ATTRACTIONS ARE SHOWN FOR 5c AND 10c.

"The Seats of The Mighty"

By Sir Gilbert Parker, in six acts. Featuring Lionel Barrymore and other famous actors. This production is pronounced by the critics as the most ambitious Photoplay in America. To-day. Admission 5c and 10c.

Helen Gardner, James Lewis, Rex Hitchcock, Enid Hunt, John Costello, featured

"Snatched From A Burning Death"

A Vitagraph Special Feature in two acts. Full of thrilling incidents. TO-DAY.

---WEDNESDAY---

Famous Players Paramount service presents Edward Ayles in

"Ready Money"

This is a great production with an all star cast. Remember it's WEDNESDAY.

HEART DISEASE

Caused The Death of Mrs. H. Clay Stewart.

Mrs. Missouri Ellen Stewart, wife of Mr. H. C. Stewart, died Friday at her home about six miles west of the city, of heart disease. She was 68 years old and a native of Virginia. The deceased is survived by her husband and several children. She was a member of the Baptist church. The interment took place in the Stewart burying ground in Trigg county, Saturday.

Wealth and Responsibility.

Just before the late Albert A. Sprague died he had the pleasure of seeing a pension system for old employees—long a cherished project—put into effect. Three employees who had served the concern long and faithfully were made the first beneficiaries. January 1, 1914, a large sum, subsequently increased, was set aside as the nucleus of the pension fund. It was determined that the beneficiaries should not be required to contribute. The only requirement is that the beneficiaries should have a service record of at least twenty years and be sixty years of age. The plan not only affords encouragement to the sober and deserving employee, but also illustrates in a striking way that sense of responsibility for wealth and the welfare of those who help create it, which is the best characteristic of the best type of American business man. It is a noble monument to the public spirit of one who was, in so many other ways, one of Chicago's most public-spirited citizens.—Chicago Herald.

No need of calomel with its nauseating effects. Liv-Ver-Lax is happy in results.—Advertisement.

The temperature of the air in which they live affects the color of butterflies.



Dr. Feirstein

-DENTIST-

Next to Higgins' Drug Store
Hopkinsville, Ky.

The oldest and best Dental Office in the city. Inserting artificial teeth without a plate is my specialty.

A good set of
TEETH \$5.00
Extracting 25c.

CROFTON CITIZEN

Succumbs to An Attack of Pneumonia.

Henry Teasley, a well-known citizen of Crofton, died yesterday morning, after a brief illness of pneumonia. His wife and nine children survive. Mr. Teasley was about 65 years old. He was a member of the Baptist church. Rev. J. P. Clevinger will preach the funeral this morning at 9 o'clock and the interment will take place in the Foster burying ground.

PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Kentucky State Board of Control for Charitable Institutions, at the Western State Hospital, Hopkinsville, Ky., until noon, Wednesday, April 21st, 1915, for furnishing said Western State Hospital one Auto Passenger Truck, of two and one-half or three ton capacity, capable of carrying from twenty to twenty-six passengers.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. For specifications and other information apply to Dr. H. P. Sights, Superintendent, Hopkinsville, Ky. Kentucky State Board of Control for Charitable Institutions.

Trout Streams in Rockies.

Nearly all of the Rocky mountain forests contain splendid trout streams, and, as most of these are kept well stocked, they will doubtless furnish sport for many generations. Game is also to be found in most of the forests, and in some of them is abundant; but the big game is rapidly disappearing, and many of the species are doomed. Thus the Olympic forest is the last stand of the Roosevelt elk, and the mountain sheep is found only in a few forests. On the other hand, deer and bear are still abundant in many of the forests, and especially in the Blackfoot, Kootenai, Kanisku, Coeur d'Alene and Flathead of Montana. In the Southwest there is still good hunting on the Apache, the Sierravies and the Tonto of Arizona and in the Mogollon and Gila country of New Mexico.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Ordinary 14-tooth-harrow has opened headquarters at Hopkinsville in favor of the farmers of Christian County. He will be assisted by YOUNG EUREKA "MULE HOE," in his work of downing the weed pests that have become a nuisance in our county. OLD HARROW has a reputation of going right to the point, YOUNG "MULE HOE" is as sharp as they make them. We predict those who will POTATO VINES will have to run some if they expect to get ahead of this combination.—Advertisement.

Suspect Taken.

The Sheriff of Hopkins county arrested a negro believed to be Finis Wimmie, wanted at Elkton since 1907 on the charge of murdering Thomas Garth, a white man, but he proved to be the wrong man.

RUNAWAY KATHERINE

In Her Wanderings She Meets Cupid, Well Disguised but Efficient.

By DAN LA GRANGE.

It was on a spring morning that Miss Katherine Beloit suddenly went crazy.

She had reached the age of nineteen without anybody having suspected her of a weak brain. On the contrary, those who knew her best said she would make her mark in the world, girl though she was.

Her parents had planned to go away for a week, and Miss Katherine was to boss the manor house during their absence. A good-by and then the folks were gone. The girl dumped down into the hammock and did some thinking and musing preparatory to going crazy.

"They get ready and go right off as if I didn't count for shucks!" she pouted. "Then go and be hanged, but I shan't always be here to be snubbed. Everybody has a good time but me. Does any one call except on mother? Has ever a young man driving past in an auto stopped and asked what time it was? Of course not! I don't amount to pumpkins, I don't!"

It is generally believed that people go crazy with a whoopee, and make a bee line for the kitchen and the butcher knife, but there are exceptions to the rule. Miss Katherine raised up on her elbow and gave the hammock pillow a swat with her fist.

"I'll run away—that's what I will do!"

And she didn't put the matter off until next Christmas, but walked right upstairs and looked for the oldest things in her wardrobe. She hadn't planned where she was to go nor what she should do, but a sort of instinct told her that she should have old clothes on when she did it.

The cook was singing in the kitchen and the gardener loafing, and neither one of them saw the crazy girl as she passed out of the gate into the road and down the highway forty rods until she got the shelter of a bit of woods. There was an auto coming, but it was yet a quarter of a mile away when she was sheltered.

So far so good. She had gone crazy and had made a fair start toward running away and having adventures galore. Where should she run to? With no money in her purse and a very simple role. Suppose it was that of a hired girl? She'd hire for a week and then skip back home, and there would be incidents enough to keep her relating for a month.

Miss Katherine was about to approach the highway and sit down. This cut her off from the road, and she went farther into the woods. She thought there was another highway back of the woodland, but she did not come across it in half a mile's walk. She was wondering if she should not suddenly regain her senses and return to the house when a man stepped from behind a tree and gave her an awful fright.

He was a bent and withered old man, with hands more like claws, and he eyed her in a malevolent way as they stood for a moment.

"I'm looking for the road over here," she almost whispered.

"You are a liar!" he croaked.

"But there—there is a road?"

"You have come to spy on old John!" he shouted.

"I didn't know you were here."

"You are lying to me. There's a reward of a hundred dollars for me, dead or alive."

"But I don't want it," said the girl in a voice she tried to make wheedling. "All I want is to find the road and go home."

"You can't go!"

She sprang away from him and ran at her best pace, but he had her before she had gone 100 feet. She screamed once, but he raised his fist to strike her, and she was silent. When he took her by the arm to lead her along she realized that he had a fierce grip, and though she tried her hardest to break away he could easily handle her. A few rods from where she encountered him was a brush shanty with a small fire smoldering near by. "Sit down!" exclaimed the old man.

Miss Katherine drew in her breath to scream.

"If you do, I'll hit you!" warned the old man.

The girl had always heard that insane people must be humored, and finding herself in his power and in danger of violence if she provoked him, she forced a smile and a half-laugh and said:

"Oh, well, I don't want to go home yet anyway, so we won't care about the road."

"Isn't that a pretty good house for an old man to build?" he asked after a grumpy silence.

"Indeed, but it is real cute," was answered.

"And I built it in a day."

"Then you are smarter than most men half your age."

"Do you know my name?"

"No, I never heard it."

"It's Cupid!"

The words came out so pat, and the situation was so incongruous, that Miss Katherine burst into a laugh.

"I've bring about over a hundred matches between couples, and that's why they call me Cupid."

"Are you out in the woods to hunt up a match for someone?"

"Yes, I came out here to place a match and later to the whippersnappers."

As soon as I saw you I knew who I should marry you to."

"Well, who is it?"

"It's Will Irwin. Nicest man in this state. He comes to my son David's, where I live, and he brings me candy. I told him I'd find him a wife, and I have."

It looked as if the old man was going to be easy to get away from, and Miss Katherine also lost her fear of him. She saw that flattery was the thing to use, and she said:

"Mr. Cupid, I think you have a good voice for singing."

"I know I have," he replied. "I was singing a song just before you came. It is called the 'Seven Black Crows.' It goes like this."

And in a voice that was cracked and bent and twisted and full of shingle nails he sang two lines of verse over and over again about seven crows, each with a nose. Then his drawl was stopped by a fit of coughing.

"That was surely a beautiful song, and as a reward if you will come down to the house with me, I will hunt you a better suit of clothes than that," said the girl.

"I knew you'd like the song, and I will go with you. Come." How easy.

They headed for the highway, chattering as they went, but were not yet half-way there when the old man clutched her arm with a grip of iron and dragged her back.

"You can't fool Cupid! You are trying to run away from Mr. Irwin. Don't you scream! Don't you dare do it!"

As he pulled her back to the hut he seized a long strip of bark he had been using as a rope, and passed it around under her arms, and then forced her to sit down and made her fast to a small tree. The girl neither struggled nor protested. The old man's mood had changed and night again.

"I don't want to be at the stake," he said.

"You are a good boy, and I want to keep you from running away."

Suppose I tell Mr. Irwin that you are here to see and you are gone? Oh, no, you won't get away! I shall be back in about an hour."

With that he started off at a brisk pace, and was soon lost to sight and hearing. Miss Katherine waited ten minutes and then set out to release herself. She couldn't accomplish it.

The bark strip was as strong as a rope, and being made fast behind her the knot was too much for her. Would the old crazy man ever come back?

It was high noon before the cook at Beloit's discovered that Miss Katherine had changed her clothes and gone away somewhere, but it was four o'clock in the afternoon before any real alarm was felt. Then the cook didn't know what should be done, and the gardener replied that he didn't.

It was finally decided that she had walked to the village and was taking her time about getting home.

At twilight both servants were standing in the middle of the highway in a nervous state when a young man came along in an auto.

"Are you in any sort of trouble?" he asked.

"Did you overtake a young lady in coming from the village?" was asked.

"No."

"Then she's been carried off by the Black Handers," wailed the cook.

What story there was to tell was told, and the young man said:

"I am Mr. Will Irwin. I passed along here this morning about ten o'clock, going the other way. Down there by the woods I saw a young lady turn off the road and go in among the trees."

"It must have been her," wailed the cook.

"And she'd never stay there as long as this if she wasn't hurt or dead," added the gardener.

He was ordered to get two lanterns and then assist in the search. The woods were entered and beaten back and forth. There was shouting and whistling, and just when they were ready to abandon the search they ran upon the captive. She looked up at them in an anxious way.

"I think you are Mr. Will Irwin, and I think you have come for me."

He looked into her face for a few seconds, and then, as he began to free her, he said:

"Sure, I have. This must be Cupid's work."

It turned out to be. As they drove from the church after the marriage they passed a crazy old man sitting on the fence and singing about Seven Black Crows.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Vacancy Filled.

John R. Knott, one of the publishers of the Home and Farm, has been appointed a member of the Louisville board of public works to succeed John D. Wakefield, deceased.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, and by mail.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Advertisement.

A Nervous Wreck

Had No Desire To Live — Peruna Is A Tonic and Strength Builder So Says

Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R. F. D. 1, Appleton, Wis. Her letter reads: "I began using Peruna a few months ago when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck. Could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Three bottles of Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength. While my recovery took nearly four months, at the end of that time I was better than I ever had been before. I had a splendid color and never weighed more in my life."

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder, and it has my endorsement." Mr. Charles Brown, R. R. 4, Box 73, Rogersville, Tenn., writes: "I have tried many different remedies, but have found that Peruna is the greatest tonic on earth, and a perfect system builder."

PARTNERS.

Said a whisky flask to a cigarette, I'd like to make a good-sized bet, That I can get more scalps than you, Although your victims ain't so few. Said the cigarette to the whisky flask, Well, that's as easy as I could ask, For I give kids their downward start, Then you pitch in and do your part, They come to you with a burning thirst.

But I'm the one that sees 'em first; So most of them should count for me;

I'll take the bet, it's a cinch, d'y see. Then the whisky flask had this to say I never looked at the thing that way; But I must confess you spoke the truth.

'Tis you that tackles the foolish youth You fill his system with dopey smoke, I mould him into a first-class soak; We work together far too well To quarrel even for a spell.

So the whisky flask and the cigarette Shook hands together, called off the bet, And away they sauntered side by side, Hunting for victims far and wide; In every corner of the nation, Partners in crime and ruination.

So there's our warning, on the level, Shun them as you would the Devil. —Exchange.

DR. BEAZLEY

• Specialist (Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.)

Raising F-4.

Washington, April 9.—The work of raising the sunken submarine F-4 is being expedited but there are no new developments, according to a message from Honolulu to Secretary Daniels.

Beggars in Turkey have established a trade union with 10,000 members.

Croup Relieved in Fifteen Minutes

No need to dose delicate little stomachs with nauseous drugs or alcoholic syrups. Simply rub a little Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest. The vapors inhaled loosen the tough, choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures a sound night's sleep. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK

"VAPORUB"

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

Pneumonia SALVE

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

CHEAP RATES TO LOUISVILLE

VIA ILLINOIS CENTRAL FOR

KENTUCKY EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Tickets to be sold April 20, 21 and 22, good until April 27th for return. Ask your local I. C. R. R. Agent for full particulars.

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.



The Baking Powder Question Solved

—solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—and failing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

TRY A CAN 1 POUND 25c

Use the entire contents of the can and if it doesn't prove Satisfactory in EVERY RESPECT return the empty can and we will give you 25 cents. We will appreciate your business.

W. T. Cooper & Co.

Grows Sarcastic.

Over at Hopkinsville, Ky., an attempt is being made to secure a new trial in a case on the ground that before beginning its deliberations the jury prayed for divine guidance. We presume that if the jury had stepped over to George's place, taken a few highballs and shot a few craps before considering the case then everything would have been altogether parliamentary. P. S.: The state insane asylum is located at Hopkinsville.—Tennessean.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

Pneumonia SALVE

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES